

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

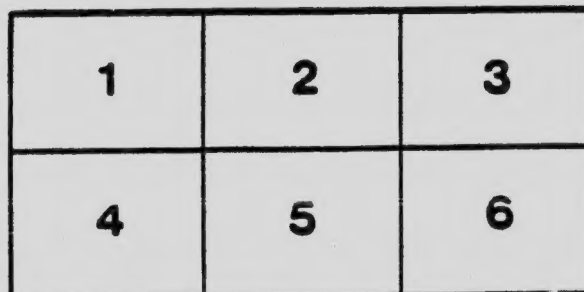
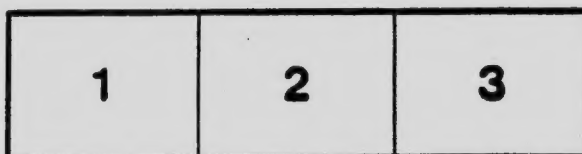
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\longrightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

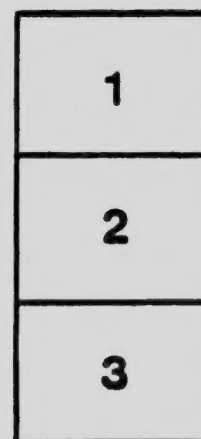
Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\longrightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

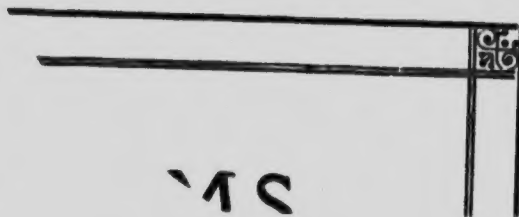


POEMS  
AND LYRICS

ARTHUR J. DYSART

PS 8457  
Y73  
P64  
1909

20.00  
DS





POEMS  
AND  
LYRICS

BY  
ARTHUR L. DYSART



FREDERICTON, N. B.  
WILLIAM M. CLARK

1909

PS 8457

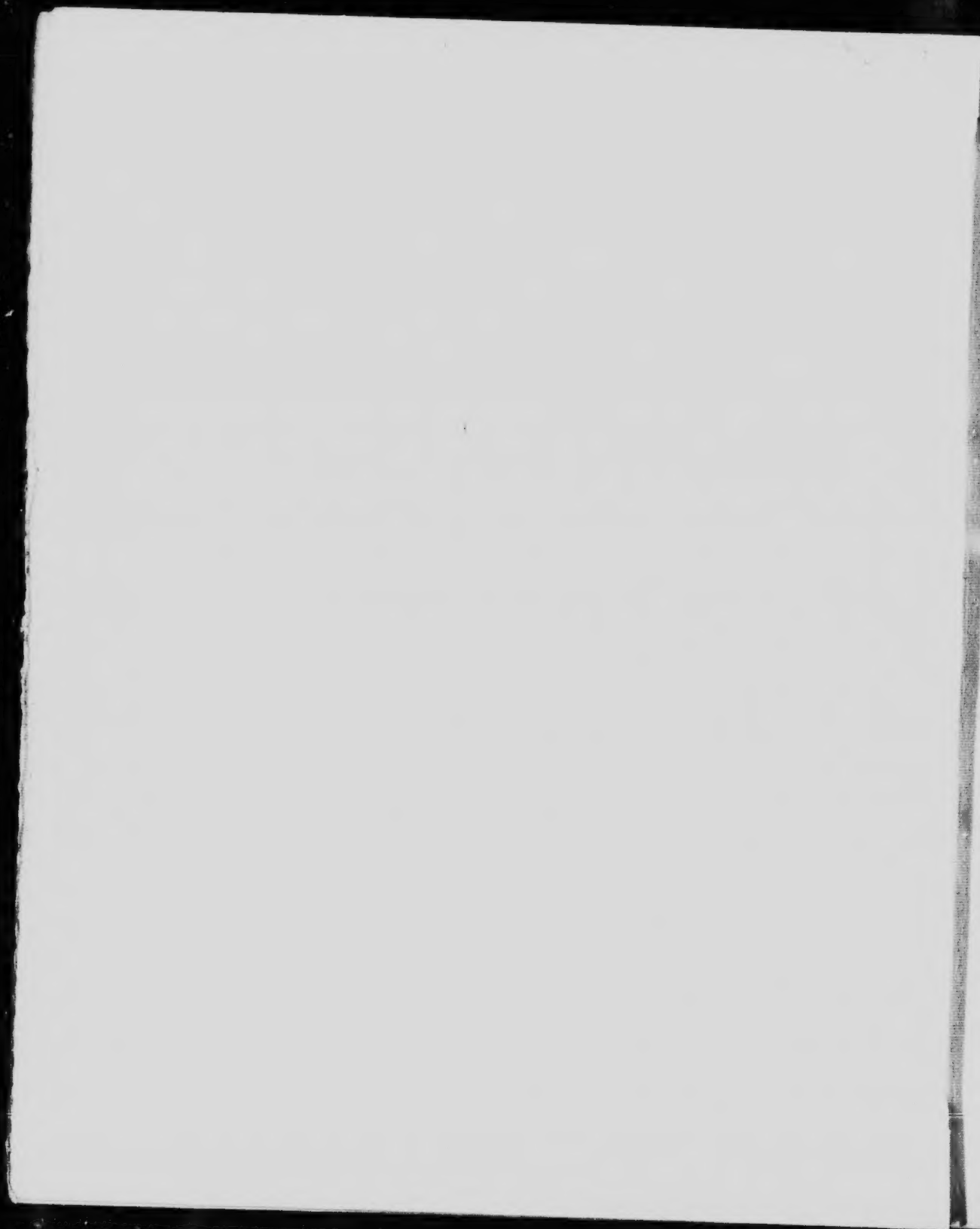
Y73

P64

1909

To

Mr. Andrew Stewart









# CONTENTS

	PAGE
To My Father . . . . .	I
To Mother in Heaven . . . . .	3
The Old Grove . . . . .	5
April Showers . . . . .	7
The Rover . . . . .	10
The Ballroom Phantom . . . . .	13
Sonnet (To C. H. F. D.) . . . . .	16
Longing . . . . .	18
Verses . . . . .	20
To My Little Nieces. . . . .	22
Intrinsic Worth . . . . .	26
To Mrs. S. J. P. . . . .	29
The Wreck of the Adona . . . . .	32
Winter . . . . .	34
When Evening Falls . . . . .	36
Lost. . . . .	39

	PAGE
To the Class of 1908 . . . . .	43
Reflections After the Ball . . . . .	45
A Thought . . . . .	47
Midnight Praises . . . . .	48
To — . . . . .	49
Memories . . . . .	51
Twilight . . . . .	53
Johnnie Ward . . . . .	57
At Night . . . . .	59
At My Mother's Grave . . . . .	61
Evening Walk . . . . .	63
Reflection . . . . .	67
All is Past . . . . .	71
Little Sorrows . . . . .	73
Visions . . . . .	75
Recollections . . . . .	77





## To my Father

---

I KNOW you'll feel a sense of joy  
When glancing o'er these playful rhymes ;  
I know that you will prize them, too,  
With all their faults and silly chimes,  
For you have always known my taste  
And ever watched with patient eye,  
In hopes to see my youthful lays  
Ere summoned to Eternity.

---

To My Father.

---

Dear Father, if my cherished hopes  
Will crown at length my youthful dream ;  
With thee to honour and to please,  
I may these many faults redeem.  
The Tide of Hope, now full and deep,  
O'er Fancy's Ocean sweeps along,  
Bearing my yearning soul afar  
To distant realms of sweeter song.





## To Mother in Heaven

---

**M**Y life is dark, lonely and weary,  
The tide of ambition has waned;  
The path that awaits me is dreary,  
My efforts are weak and constrained.

I wander alone here this even'  
Awaiting a vision of thee,  
As a message from angels in Heaven,  
A guidance and comfort to me.

---

## To Mother in Heaven

---

I feel that the Fates are against me ;  
They will not encourage my theme :  
I hear them disclaim it before thee,  
And I wonder if all is a dream.

When bright hopes have vanished before me  
In my dark, gloomy hours of despair,  
I turn with assurance unto thee  
And find consolation in prayer.

As the moon in her silvery brightness  
Sheds her beauty afar o'er the sea,  
My thoughts of thine infinite goodness  
Awaken thine image in me.





## The Old Grove

---

**I** STILL love to loiter around the old grove  
When the sweet breath of evening comes over the lea,  
And dream of the loved ones with whom I did rove  
When childhood's sweet fancies were vivid and free;  
I linger alone 'neath the hallowed old tree  
And gaze on thy name which I carved in a scroll,  
While a train of sweet memories arises in me —  
O, why wert thou ever so dear to my soul.

---

## The Old Grove

---

Could I ever forget thee in all these long years?

Shall I ever abandon the soul of my dream—  
To be foremost in battle, to triumph o'er fears,  
To merit thy praise and to win thy esteem?  
If ever a thought did my spirits elate  
And grapple my soul within ecstasy's twine,  
'Twas that I should some day be famous and great,  
And realize hopes that in childhood were mine!

Perchance you'll return, in the twilight of life  
When youth's sweetest flower is faded and gone;  
You'll then know the meaning of trial and strife,  
And dream of the joys that were ever our own.  
Ah, then may you think of the days that are past,  
And lingering here in a shadow recall  
The fondest old dream that awakens at last—  
Yes, childhood's first love was the sweetest of all!



## April Showers

---

**A**PRIL showers falling,  
Falling o'er the lea,  
And my soul's recalling  
Memories of thee.

Sweet as April showers  
Falling everywhere,  
Waken happy hours  
Of the days that were.

---

## April Showers

---

Now do I recall thee  
By the murm'ring stream,  
Wand'ring ever with me  
As 'twere in a dream.

Sweet as birdies' twitter  
In the silent tree,  
Fancies wake and flutter  
Through my memory.

Night is closing o'er me,  
Zephyrs faintly sigh,  
Yet I'm dreaming of thee  
Dear, beyond the sky.

---

## April Showers

---

Still I linger lonely  
'Neath this hallowed tree,  
Thinking of thee only,  
Wrapt in reverie.

Still the rain is falling,  
Falling over me,  
And my soul's recalling  
Memories of thee.





## The Rover

---

**O** WHO is he that wanders out  
In early autumn morn,  
And lingers here and there about  
Among the yellow corn ;  
And thence away among the hills  
And by the rippling streams,  
Delighted with the charm that fills  
His soul with noble dreams !

---

## The Rover

---

And who is he that loves to rove  
Alone at noon of day,  
Around the quiet, shady grove  
To watch the squirrels play ;  
And hear the merry chickadee  
Proclaim his sweetest song,  
And robins perching in the tree  
Th' enchanted notes prolong !

And oft when twilight winds are still  
He loves to wander far,  
To hear the plaintive whip-poor-will,  
And 'wait the evening star ;  
And dream of dear departed days  
And friends forever gone  
To brighter scenes, 'mid spangled rays,  
Alas, denied to none !

---

## The Rover

---

And him you'll see alone at night  
Beneath the silent moon,  
Enraptured with the heavenly light—  
Enchanted mystic gloom ;  
While through his burning, thrilling soul  
Poetic fancies chime  
In sweetest accents that unroll  
In playful, jingling rhyme.





## The Ballroom Phantom



SHE was a phantom, yet withal  
A lady of angelic mien,  
Fairest, she that graced the ball,  
That gay Jamaica e'er had seen ;  
A sweet, bewitching, winning smile  
That claims a conquest at a glance ;  
Such tones of voice as cares beguile  
And all thy brightest hopes enhance.

---

## The Ballroom Phantom

---

Amid that mirthful throng she moved  
With modest, sweet, phantastic ease,  
Awaiting him whom she approved  
To kindle all her powers to please.  
Ah, happy whose aspiring soul  
The impulse of approval felt,  
For oft before that living goal  
His very image must have knelt.

Ah, me! I felt as one transferred  
To climes of which I ne'er had dreamed  
'Mid waking souls; and I preferred  
To all, her winning glance, which seemed  
With purer, nobler love imbued,  
And strength of moral character  
Endowed; and I, transfixed, pursued  
Her soul in fancy's mystic sphere.

---

## The Ballroom Phantom

---

But all is past; and here I stray  
Alone adown the dark'ning shore,  
Enraptured mid the foaming fray  
And wild, incessant, deaf'ning roar.  
Away! away! Ye elements  
In Time's unchallenged mighty roll  
Are best prepared to thee hence,  
My raving, frantic, fired soul.





Sonnet  
(To C. H. D.)

---

DEAR Sister : I have come to think of thee,  
In all the depths and sorrows of my soul,  
As one late come from Heaven to enroll  
My life in Hope's sublime eternity ;

For thou, my Guardian Angel, art to me  
The source of strength, wherewith I can control  
Distractions wild, and thereto canst console  
And guide my life through Death's dark mystery.

---

## Sonnet

---

Dear Girl: may you, thus favoured from above,  
Continue so to heal the wounds of life  
And bind the breaking heart, that he, thy dear,  
Now blessed and strengthened by thy love,  
May dash like lion in the midst of strife  
And triumph over trial, care and fear!





## Longing

---

**T**HOUGH calm and silent be the eve  
And warm the southern breeze,  
Ah, nothing can my soul relieve  
And set my heart at ease!  
Though little birdies sweetly sing,  
And fragrant flowers bloom,  
Yet sorrow 'round my life will cling  
And shroud my soul in gloom.

---

## Longing

---

Afar o'er dewy hills I stray  
When cheerily smiles the dawn,  
But oh, my heart is far away  
And brightest hopes are gone!  
I feel my inmost spirit yearn  
For some transcendent goal;  
I feel that fiery passion burn  
Through all my tingling soul.

Ah, soon 'neath Scottish skies serene  
I'll wander all alone,  
A thought of thee will paint the scene;  
I'll love thee as mine own.  
The broad expanse of ocean wild  
Between thee, Love, and me,  
Will vanish as a thing defiled  
When I but think of thee.



## Verses

(On meeting a Lady of rare mental attainments but  
with slight facial defects.)



**A** HUMAN being breathing life  
And blessed with hope and love ;  
With mind and soul as pure as those  
Of angels from above.

And must a single human flaw  
Her highest hopes reject ?  
And must she linger on through life  
Consigned to cold neglect ?



---

Ver ses

---

And must her love be never known?  
Her sighs be never heard?  
Must sweetest fragrance brook disdain  
Because the flower is seared?

Ah no! For in the perfect soul,  
However poorly dress'd,  
The purest, sweetest, noblest thoughts  
Forevermore will rest.

O God, that man could only see  
Beyond the facial clime  
Into the character and soul,  
That tarnish not with time!



To My Little Nieces  
(Miriam and Kathleen Allison)

---

I COULD sit for many hours  
When you children are at play,  
Musing in a quiet manner  
On the artless things you say ;  
Pond'ring, too, on human nature,  
As before me now 'tis seen ;  
Thinking, too, in silent wonder  
What this varied world can mean.

---

### To My Little Nieces

---

Often you are bright and cheerful  
Beaming o'er with childish glee,  
Simply all infatuated  
Climbing wildly over me ;  
Then, again, the world is dreary  
And you feel its growing pain,  
Then you cry and sob together —  
And the world is bright again.

Purest, dearest of earth's treasures,  
How my soul goes out to you !  
O could you remain forever  
Loving, innocent and true !  
Faces bright as sweetest roses,  
Long ere they begin to fade ;  
Voices sweet as birdies singing  
In a quiet fragrant shade.

---

To My Little Nieces

---

Such are you, my little cherubs,  
With your ever sunny smiles ;  
Such the music of your voices,  
Such your sly, endearing wiles ;  
Such your bright, ingenious questions  
When in asking things of me,  
You anticipate my answers  
And avert them cunningly.

Charming, winning little children,  
Ever full of brightest hope ;  
Making all around you happy —  
Truthful as the heliotrope ;  
Making Age forget its misery,  
Dreaming over youthful days ;  
Adding sunshine unto darkness —  
Teaching Life the better ways.

---

To My Little Nieces

---

Will you be as bright and hopeful  
When your infant charms are gone?  
Will you still delight my fancy  
When the flow'r of youth is blown?  
Will your sunny dispositions  
Linger in a wrinkled brow?  
God forbid that souls immortal  
Should to mortal nature bow!

Let me hope, then, that forever  
You'll maintain your artless ways,  
Never getting false conceptions  
Of the charms of female ways!  
Education is a glory  
If it polish artless worth;  
But beware of all veneering —  
Curse to mortals here on earth!



## Intrinsic Worth



**T**ES, thou wert fair !  
And I did see  
Thine auburn hair  
In ringlets free  
Twine gracefully  
About a pair  
Of cheeks that ne'er  
Have known a care.

---

## Intrinsic Worth

---

But now, 'tis true  
That you've outgrown  
The charms we knew  
Were yours alone,  
For they have flown  
Away from you  
Like pearls of dew  
From violets blue.

Alas, enough to me  
You've now grown old,  
Yet can I see  
New joys untold  
Their wings unfold,  
And I with thee  
Could blessèd be  
To Eternity.

---

## Intrinsic Worth

---

But Age, my dear,  
Hath small control,  
And cannot bear  
A perfect soul—  
Heaven's goal—  
For e'en the bier  
Will draw us near  
Th' Eternal Sphere.







To Mrs. S. J. P.

(Occasioned by Her Father's Death.)



IT came at last, 'mid grief and pain,  
That long expected night,  
And bore your father, freed from pain,  
To realms of blessèd light.

And yet, my dear, 'twere better so,  
For oh the pain and grief  
That shrouded all his later years,  
Ere Heaven deigned relief.

---

To Mrs. S. J. P.

---

And happier far, we fondly hope,  
Whom ripe old age o'erwhelms,  
Bearing aloft 'mid angel throngs  
To the eternal realms.

Yet you will ever lonely be,  
And oft will weep, I know,  
For e'en though old, we cannot bear  
That even they must go.

Yes, life has sorrows, cares and woes  
And you have known them all;  
Hope, only, now for you remains  
Till you obey the Call.

---

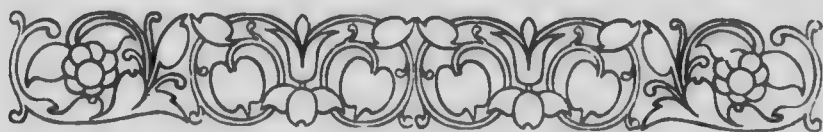
To Mrs. S. J. P.

---

But there is virtue in a life  
For others' comfort spent!  
Despair not then, 'twill come to thee  
Whence thy dear father went!

And what is life apart from deeds,  
And deeds apart from love?  
The sweetest flow'r, though here unknown,  
Will bloom in Heaven above.

But oh, the silent bitter tears  
That speak of secret woe,  
And yearnings of the speechless soul  
That Heaven alone will know!



## The Wreck of the Adona.

(A Fragment.)

---

NOVEMBER'S bleak inconstant blast  
Swept o'er the dark'ning, deep'ning sea  
And mingling, roused the watery waste  
Unto its frantic, frenzied glee ;  
Th' ill-omened gulls wild hovered o'er  
And welcome bade the whit'ning wave,  
The ocean's deep'ning, thund'ring roar  
Gave warning of a watery grave.

---

## The Wreck of the Adona

---

Night came ; and far along the coast  
The rising, surging billows foamed ;  
The skipper feared the approaching host  
And steered his anxious course for home.  
Alone upon the dismal waste  
The stately, grand Adona lay,  
Her wings enfurled, her cables fast,  
Ignoring the approaching fray.

\* \* \* \*





## Winter

---

**B**LEAK December's bitter winds  
Whistle o'er the dreary hills,  
Through the lofty naked pines,  
Through the slender, helpless vines—  
Bitter chill.

Little birds have flown away  
Unto sunny southern climes,  
Where the flowers bloom to stay,  
Where all creatures love to play  
At all times.

---

## Winter

---

Dreary, lonely, bleak and cold  
Over hills and rivers all,  
Bitter Frost her wings unfold,  
Shrouding river, hill and wold  
In hoary pall.

Now the children run and slide,  
Laughing, shouting merrily,  
Down along the river-side,  
Out upon the river wide,  
Joyfully.

Starry moonlight winter night,  
Let me glide on polished steel  
When my soul is gay and light,  
When my sweetheart's young and bright  
True and real.



## When Evening Falls

---

**O** SOFTLY sigh the evening winds  
O'er quiet fragrant vales,  
Around the grove and o'er the hills  
Afar in shady vales;  
The twinkling stars o'erspan the sky,  
The zephyrs whisper low,  
And in the lofty maples waft  
The leaflets to and fro.



---

## When Evening Falls

---

Adown yon crystal winding stream  
That murmurs on its way  
To muse on nature's boundless charms  
I spend the close of day;  
And there on shady, flowery banks,  
'Mid eglantine and rose  
I sit and list to birdies sing  
And there my rants compose.

The distant foaming waterfall  
That echoes through the glen,  
Adjoins a quiet rippling stream  
Meandering through the fen,  
O'er which the stately elms and birches  
Twine in thicket bound,  
And far along the graceful banks  
Sweet flowers wild abound.

---

## When Evening Falls

---

The robins warbling in the trees,  
The air with music fill,  
While noisy frogs along the stream  
Resound far o'er the hill,  
And soothe the little birds to rest  
That twitter in the bower,  
And charm the wanderer's 'tentive ear  
Till high the moon doth glower.





## Lost



QUIETLY,  
Quietly,  
Over the deep'ning sea  
The silent moon kept peaceful watch and mild,  
Bringing from above  
Messages of love  
To a mother and her orphan child.

---

## Lost

---

Thoughtlessly,  
Thoughtlessly,  
Had the angry sea  
Hurled that father from his little barque,  
Gone beneath the foam  
To the Great Unknown  
Realms beyond the ocean deep and dark.

Peacefully,  
Peacefully,  
Baby is slumb'ring free  
While the mother, bowed in silent grief,  
Losing all control,  
Rends her very soul  
Unto Heaven, calling for relief.

---

## Lost

---

Hopelessly,  
Hopelessly,  
Gazing on the sea  
Dark, remorseless, grim, deceiving deep,  
Seeking but her love,  
Now in Heaven above  
Where the chosen blessed of ages sleep.

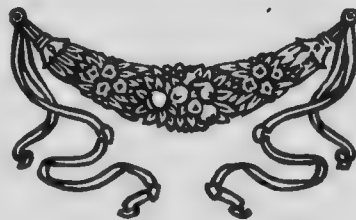
Fervently,  
Fervently,  
Does she pray to see  
Her loved one coming o'er the moonlit main,  
Bringing love and mirth—  
Heaven here on earth—  
To their little cottage home again.

---

## Lost

---

Silently,  
Silently,  
Over the placid sea  
The moon unheeding sheds her mellow light,  
Watching o'er his grave  
'Neath the murm'ring wave  
Through the lonely dreary hours of night.





## To the Class of 1908

(Written for the University Monthly, October, 1908)

---

INTO the wide world of discord and strife  
Fully prepared have you gone!  
Then fear not lest, in the wild battle of life,  
Perchance you should be overcome!

As the well nourished acorn in lone barren plains  
Soon to the heavens will tow'r,  
May you thus enlightened in nobler strains  
Bloom forth in wisdom and power!

---

To the Class of 1908

---

In the wide range of duty whate'er be your calling  
Shrink not when conscience commands !  
Success consists not in the masses appalling,  
But doing what honour demands !

As the trembling waves in the vast ether realm  
Bear a message to lone distant strands,  
May your influence borne on swift wings that o'erwhelm  
Peer e'en into dark unknown lands !

“For thine is the conflict ; humanity calls ;  
Life's not a dream in the clover !  
On to the walls ! On to the walls !  
On to the walls, and over !”





## Reflections After the Ball

---

**L**AST night as I glided amid the gay throng  
Wild fancies arose that I could not suppress,  
For she, I desired, chose others ere long,  
And oh, how my soul felt the pangs of distress!  
But that only spurred me to nobler dreams  
That knew not their bounds in that limited sphere,  
For deep in my soul from that moment meseems  
The star of my young hope was dawning anear.

---

## Reflections After the Ball

---

And who has not felt his ambitions inflame  
At the peal of the music and glide of the dance,  
Soaring aloft amid glory and fame —  
Far, far away in a mystical trance !  
Beyond all the turmoil of trivial ways,  
Beyond all that caters to local refrain,  
Into the regions where Fancy's bright rays  
Adorn such achievements as only remain !





## A Thought

---

VAIN were all this world, my dear,  
Hopeless, all that might endear  
Trivial every hope and dream,  
Were not things as now they seem!

Let me think not, thou wouldst feign  
Have me love thee all in vain,  
Building castles in the air  
To be shattered unaware!

---

## A Thought

---

Dearest, let me think not so  
While my soul doth fonder glow  
Ever hopeful, ever true  
Dearest, only Love, to you.



## Midnight Praises

**S**OFTLY through the quiet willows  
Midnight winds are whisp'ring low,  
Gently wafting 'mid caresses  
Tiny leaflets to and fro;  
Little birdies meekly twitter—  
Wakened by L'ana's glows,  
Faintly whisp'ring unto Heaven  
Praises for their blessed repose.



To —

O LET me but loiter at twilight  
When nature is calm and at rest,  
And 'wait the deep silence of midnight  
To comfort the sad and oppress'd;  
While Diana ascending in glory  
Afar in the twinkling skies  
Will tell, as of old, the sweet story,  
Recalling fresh tears to my eyes.

Dear girl, that I never had known thee!  
 That my soul never gazed on thy sight!  
 I now would be mingling serenely,  
 In purest of earthly delight.  
 Yet thou'll never know that I loved thee  
 Nor share the dark lot of my cares,  
 Though thine image will banish before me  
 The deep gloom awaiting my years.

Then let me enshrine thee in memory,  
 And feel that thou wilt not decline  
 The deep silent love that I bear thee  
 Though thou, dear, wilt never be mine.  
 This one thought, oh, then let me cherish  
 When borne o'er Life's fathomless sea,  
 And oh, may that image ne'er perish  
 That ever endeared thee to me!



## Memories

---

**C**OULD I recall again  
The sacred days of old,  
With all their joyous train  
Of memories untold —  
The simple ways  
Of childhood days  
That never can remain !

---

## Memories

---

Oh, could I now recall  
The sense of boundless joy  
That permeated all  
When I was but a boy!  
I might not yearn  
For thy return  
In vain, thou All-in-All!







## Twilight

---

**A**LAS, up yonder pleasant neighb'ring hill  
Where lifts its form, the lofty shadowed tower,  
The village church, beneath the spreading elms  
In solemn accents tolls the twilight hour.

Soft o'er the hills the shades of evening fall,  
The gentle breezes whisper o'er the green,  
While balmy zephyrs murmur through the grove  
And nature's charms awake endearing scene.

---

## Twilight

---

The veil of Night arises in the east  
And stealing towards the west in crimson, fades  
Afar upon the lofty mountain's breast —  
Alike the Aurora in the Arctic wades.

The little lambs upon the pleasant hills  
Have ceased their skippin' play o' joyful glee,  
Assembling now in quiet peaceful rest  
Beneath the massive spreading willow tree.

The milkmaid from the dusky field returns  
Singing of youthful love some tender lay,  
For happily with her dearest love tonight  
She'll wander far adown the moonlit way.

---

## Twilight

---

Onward, with careless steps, I wandered far  
Adown the winding stream that gently flowed  
'Mid flowery banks, o'er which the stately elms  
Entwined their arms in fragrant arched abode.

The redbreast, perching high upon a bough,  
In warbling accents filled the evening air ;  
While joyous frogs afar along the stream  
Dispelled withal life's misery and care.

Now silence ruled in quiet shady bower  
And 'neath the elm, my place of sweet repose,  
Where oft I've sat t' wait the rising moon  
And muse o'er scenes which memories arouse.

---

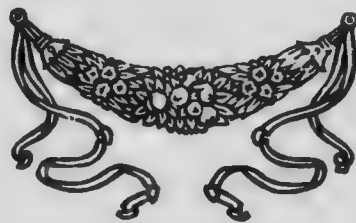
## Twilight

---

Afar into the haunts of other years

Where bloomed the heliotrope and lilac white  
I lingered long, but all were faded now,  
And nought but solemn aspens met my sight.

But night closed o'er and silence ruled o'er all,  
The twinkling stars shot far along the sky,  
The silent moon o'er hills began to glower  
And mellow light o'er woodlands seemed to sigh.





## Johnnie Ward

(An Incident in early School Days)

WRITTEN FOR A LADY FRIEND



I'VE a faithful little friend  
                    Johnnie Ward,  
To whom all my love I lend  
                    As reward ;  
He's sae handsome and sae fair  
He's sae innocent and dear  
That I cannot be but near  
                    Johnnie Ward.

---

## Johnnie Ward

---

Let the people have their say,  
Johnnie Ward!  
And then we will have our way,  
Dear, my lord,  
For thine eyes sae soft are glowing,  
And thy lips with love o'erflowing,  
That I feel angelic, knowing  
Thee, my lord.

When our student days are o'er,  
Johnnie Ward,  
We will linger here no more,  
Johnnie Ward;  
But we'll doff our cap and gown,  
Then we'll seek some other town,  
And with thee I'll settle down,  
Johnnie Ward!



## At Night

---

**A**T night, 'mong the graves, as I linger alone  
And watch the wee children at play,  
I wonder if they think of those who have flown  
Through Eternity's Mystical Way!  
But their hearts are so light,  
And their faces so bright,  
That I feel e'en the dead would approve,  
For, could they awake,  
They would surely partake  
In their innocent spirit of love!

---

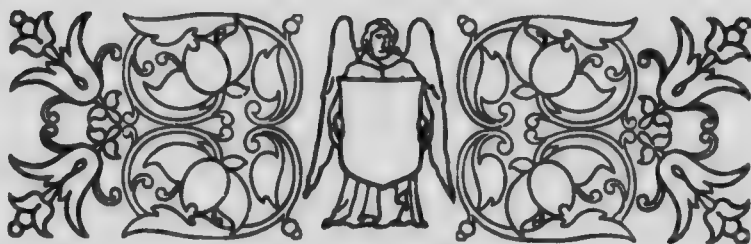
## At Night

---

Then out on the dark bridge I wander afar  
In the deep quiet calm of the night,  
Awaiting the moon in her silvery car  
To enshrine all the City in light;  
While the murmuring tide  
Sweeping deeper and wide  
Bearing farther and farther from me  
Fond hopes and dark fears,  
Sweet joys and sad tears,  
To the Ocean of Mystery.







## At My Mother's Grave

---

I LINGER 'round thy silent grave  
But all is still and thou art gone!  
I long, I sigh, I yearn, I crave,  
Still I'm alone, for thou art flown!  
O Mother! Can it ever be,  
That all thy fervent love for me  
Hath flown for all eternity?  
Am I alone?

---

## At My Mother's Grave

---

A single step to Eternity —

And I'll be there, I know not where !

Mother, I soon will be with thee

Everywhere ! Anywhere

Beyond a world of sighs and tears,

Beyond the pangs of earthly cares,

Beyond the power of fleeting years —

O meet me there !





## Evening Walk



**S**WEETLY falls the evening calm  
O'er mountain, hill and fell,  
And down the valley to embalm  
The quiet shady dell;  
The twitt'ring birds are now at rest  
The flowers and leaves are still,  
The silent moon in the starry east  
Glow's over the deep'ning hill.

---

## Evening Walk

---

How fresh and cool the evening air  
That wakes the slumb'ring soul  
From all this earthly human care  
Unto a nobler goal!  
Where, free from all that bows to death,  
We soar in realms divine  
Imbibing from the Eternal Breath  
Things noble and sublime.

Deep in the forest gloom I stray  
Beside the murmuring stream  
Upon whose waters faintly play  
The firmament serene;  
And here in awe do I behold  
The awful Dome of Time —  
The Eye of ages long untold,  
Infinite and sublime.

## Evening Walk

Then what does all tradition mean,  
When I'm confronted here  
With all that man has ever seen  
From this dependent sphere?  
Ancestral gods of peace and war  
And ye of Love and Hate,  
Have ye unveiled to man the more  
Of all that future state?

And yet I feel through all my soul  
The averroistic call  
For some more universal goal  
Than churches all in all;  
Beyond the scope of battling creeds  
And letter of the Law;  
Something to meet our human needs  
That hath no mangled flaw.

---

## Evening Walk

---

And as I wander here alone  
Along this shady bank,  
Methinks I see in years to come,  
One universal rank.  
And every man shall do His Will  
When battling churches quail ;  
But there will be no peace until  
The Spirit Laws prevail !





## Reflection

---

**L**ONG years have passed since first I strayed with thee,  
My dearest friend, along the verdant banks  
Of this meandering stream, and in the shade  
Of these enchanted elms; and now to me  
'Twere but a passing thought of yesterday,  
So constant, pleasing hast thou been to me.  
Ah yes, thy very personality  
Is deeply graven on the inmost soul  
Of all my conscious being, and thou art  
My angel guide, where all but heavenly hopes

---

## Reflection

---

Have met with dark disaster, and I feel  
Sweet consolation in thy blessed powers —  
A last resort, communion in my soul  
With all that lies beyond.

Yet must I 'wake  
To stern reality? And must I see  
My cherished hopes and dreams of youthful years,  
My wild romantic flights in Fancy's realms,  
Anticipated joys that knew no bounds,  
This all-in-all of human life — now torn  
And dashed to atoms by a single wave  
And swept forever with remorseless roar  
In dark Oblivion's gloomy cave forlorn?

Farewell, bright Hope! For thou hast borne afar  
The one immortal spark — the only joy  
That ever blessed my lot! Alas, my God



---

## Reflection

---

That I had ever known the boundless joy  
And raptured awe that bore th' aspiring soul  
In fancy's wildest ecstasy afar  
In realms of grand romance! Had I but known  
The charm that Hope extends to them that strive,  
I might not now have felt what 'tis to fail  
And lose her grace withal. Alas, bright Hope,  
That I too late must learn that here below  
Grim smiling Evil follows fast upon  
And in proportion to the promised joy  
That leads the aspiring way!

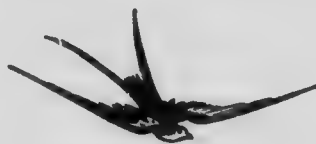
And still withal  
Though I no more shall know thee in this world  
Of conscious being, yet will I delight  
To treasure thee in memory's fondest dreams,  
And dwell upon thine all untiring zeal  
And fervent love for me! In all my dreams,  
Thy spirit shall preside and haunt my soul

---

## Reflection

---

With images sublime; and thou shalt be  
The medium, and through thy blessed soul  
The emanating All-in-All shall glow  
In splend'rous deep effulgence, and imprint  
Upon the dim retina of my soul  
Such images, as to the astounded eye  
Will be as lightning's darting chains, that flash  
Against the vaulted deep'ning dark serene  
Of Heaven's approaching storm!





## All is Past



**W**E parted at twilight, I said not farewell,  
But hurried away to my own quiet home,  
For I knew that the sweetest of words could not tell  
The deep pure affection that dwelt in my soul.  
I knew 'twas the last time we ever should greet  
Through the trials and sorrows of many a year,  
And I knew, under Heaven, I never could meet  
Another, to me, half so genial and dear.

---

## All is Past

---

Years have gone by, and again we return  
Yet neither has known an affection more true.  
I saw her but lately, 'twas only to learn —  
The only true love was the first that we knew.  
Long years will elapse ere I see her again  
Yet memory will cherish the days that are past  
For deep in my soul shall I ever retain  
That fondest and sweetest of dreams till the last.





## Little Sorrows

---

HOW often as we ponder  
On hopes forever flown,  
We feel our hearts grow fonder  
For friends we thought our own!

Our sweetest expectations—  
So cherished in a dream —  
And bright anticipations,  
Are seldom what they seem.

---

## Little Sorrows

---

And when we seek expression  
Of love we can't restrain,  
We feel a sad suppression  
Where words have proven vain.

Fond words unwisely spoken,  
Kind acts misunderstood,  
Will leave us here heart-broken —  
With intents that were good.

Oh, could our souls e'en whisper  
What words can ne'er convey,  
Our lives, without a murmur,  
Would glide a smoother way!





## Visions

---

**I** SEE as the shadows of evening fall  
A vision, my dearest, of thee,  
Like the prettiest rose  
That did ever disclose  
Thine infinite beauty to me ;  
And I linger alone  
When the daylight is gone  
And fondly sweet mem'ries recall.

---

## Visions

---

I see in the waters that laughingly flow  
Through the meadows afar o'er the lea,  
To the murmuring pond  
And the river beyond  
And thence far away to the sea,  
The sunniest smile  
That did ever beguile  
A susceptible mortal below.

I see in the myriads of twinkling stars  
That spangle the Heavens above,  
The prettiest eye  
That did ever belie  
A mortal afflicted with love ;  
And I wonder and dream  
If I'll ever redeem  
My soul from that vision afar.

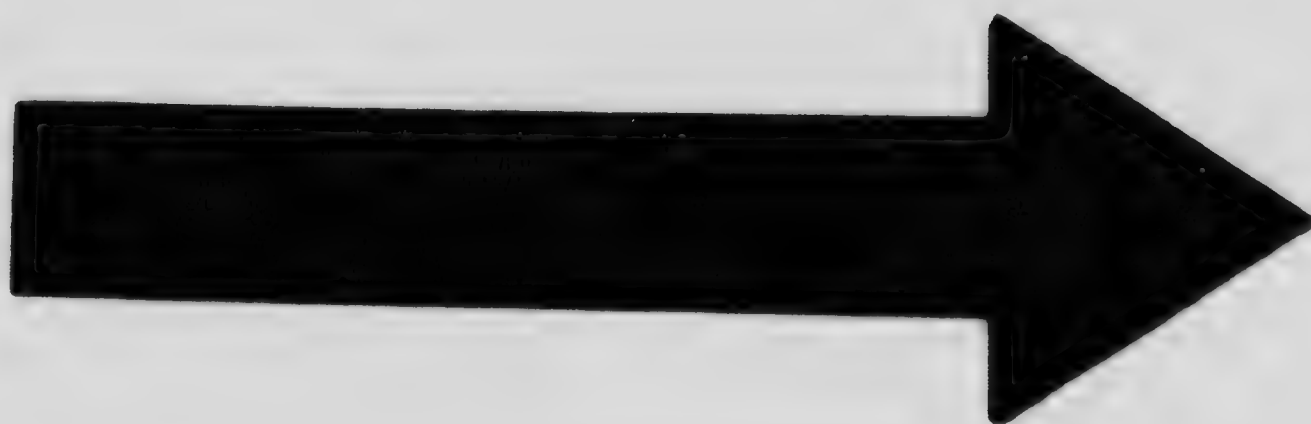




## Recollections

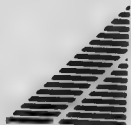


O THAT I were young again,  
That I were bright and gay,  
That I could join the merry throng,  
That I could run and play!  
And dream again those noble thoughts  
That haunted all my youth,  
And feel the dictates in my soul  
Of innocence and truth!



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

---

## Recollections

O that I could feel again  
That boundless, harmless joy,  
That made me feel so glad and free  
When I was but a boy!  
The soul that gave me such delight  
In every thing I saw —  
The sunny days, the stormy nights  
That wrapt my soul in awe.

How bright and cheerful seem they now  
As oft I linger o'er  
The scenes that graced those happy days  
Now gone forevermore!  
The days that bear no traits of woe  
Nor cruel pangs of grief,  
But childhood's sweetest innocence —  
Alas, alas, too brief!

---

## Recollections

---

Can I forget the little school  
Beside the sunny Bay?  
Can I forget the children, too,  
With whom I used to play?  
Can I forget November storms,  
Can I forget the roar  
Of billows dashing 'gainst the rocks  
Along the broken shore?

Dear Home! will years in all their power  
Erase one thought of thee,  
Will Time eradicate one tie  
That binds me unto thee?  
Will all the world has ever known  
From strand to distant strand,  
Claim preference over thee, dear Home,  
Thou dearest in the Land?

---

## Recollections

---

The world is small, yet I could wish  
To see it all in all,  
Ere I must say a last farewell—  
Obedient to His Call;  
But ere I go, may I return  
To thee, my native land—  
To thee, dear Home, where I may dream  
Of glories great and grand.

I love thee, dear old sunny Home,  
Beside the briny sea!  
I love thy people one and all—  
They're ever dear to me.  
I love the old romantic Point  
And balm of gileads tall  
That smile o'er all the quiet town  
And silent mould'ring wall.

---

## Recollections

---

I love the Isle and sunny Cape,  
I love the Island Bar,  
I love the river and its brooks  
Meandering afar ;  
I love the pretty Chapel Point,  
And quiet little town,  
The bridge and wharf, to me they're dear  
As scenes of great renown.

I love to stray alone at night  
When evening calms the sea,  
And think of her, forever gone  
To Realms of Mystery.  
I wonder if she thinks of me  
In all these lonely years,  
And if 'tis she that comfort brings  
When I am lost in tears.

---

## Recollections

---

Oh, I would give my very life  
And brightest hopes erase,  
Could I recall a single glimpse  
Of my dear Mother's face !  
Our home is bright, and yet 'tis dark,  
Thy soul but lingers here ;  
But oh, the brightness of our home  
Wert thou among us, Dear !

How different now those infant joys  
That lit my raptured soul,  
The hopes and dreams forever flown  
Beyond my faint control !  
Now dismal trial, strife and gloom  
Confront me with a stare ;  
And oh, the misery that life  
Has destined me to share !



---

## Recollections

---

O God, why should these childhood days  
Be all so clear and bright,  
So full of hope, so very real—  
A world of dawning light!  
While Age goes trembling to the grave  
More troubled still in soul,  
As though unconscious the approach  
To Heaven's Blessèd Goal.

